

Hunting and Shooting Number

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PRICE TEN CENTS.



"AFTER YOU, SIR."

IF EITHER ONE OF THEM SHOOTS, IT IS ALL OFF WITH THE BIRD.



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Cartoons and Comments

THE STANDPATTERS AND THE COURTS.

IF WE have a Holy of Holies in this temple of popular government known as the United States of America, without doubt it is the Supreme Court at Washington. A man may attack radically and vehemently any other branch of the governmental scheme and not be considered an anarchist or a firebrand, but criticism of the Supreme Court or its works puts him for all time in the demagogue class. The United States Supreme Court has had no defender more zealous and steadfast than the Standpat wing of the Republican Party. For years past, whenever any hair-brained crank of large or small degree has lifted up his voice and intimated that the highest judicial tribunal was not all that it should be, Standpat Republicanism has rushed to the rescue and left no doubt as to where it stood on the subject of the Chief-Justice and his associates. This is matter of common recollection, of course, and we refer to it simply because of recent and current events. In the light of these, the old-time attitude of Standpat Republicanism is worth recalling. When the momentous Standard Oil case was before the Supreme Court, also the case of the Tobacco Trust, and the Court construed the SHERMAN law to mean that "unreasonable" restraint of trade was the sort which merited punishment, there was a vigorous howl from radical headquarters that the Court had read into the law something which impaired its efficiency and made it practically impotent. That occurred so recently that we can all recall it without mental strain. We can also recall that the Standpat element again rushed to the rescue and announced that the

Supreme Court had done nothing of the sort. Standpatters praised the Court for its decision in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, saying that it had but interpreted the SHERMAN law in the light of sanity, reason, and moderation, and that those who found fault with it were necessarily irresponsible ranters and enemies of the Republic. That, also, was of recent occurrence. And since then? Well, coming right down to date, we find a remarkable state of affairs. We find the Department of Justice, through the Attorney-General, planning to enforce the SHERMAN Anti-Trust law under the

interpretation laid down by the United States Supreme Court, and we also find, strange to say, the Standpat element everywhere objecting. What is the trouble? The Government is proceeding strictly according to the Court's ruling in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases. It is no newfangled law, born of radicalism, that the Government is trying to enforce. It is a law which has been through the tempering process of the Supreme Court, tested and found O. K. by that tribunal. Does n't the Standpat element realize that in attacking the Government for its attitude in regard to the SHERMAN law it is really attacking the Supreme Court of the United States which for decades it has so zealously championed? Can it be that the Standpaters, wilfully and knowingly, are entering the demagogue class?



MISSED HIM!

THE question, What killed Canadian Reciprocity? bids fair to remain as long unanswered as Who struck Billy Patterson? All sorts of answers have been given, from which the interested citizen is privileged to take his choice, but the most plausible seems to be that Reciprocity met its fate through excessive flag waving. Its opponents in Canada waved the British flag, figuratively speaking, all through the campaign, and stirred up that sort of patriotism which cheers first and thinks afterward. We have seen plenty of it at various times in our own political campaigns, whenever the voters were uncomfortably close to "the nigger in the woodpile" and it was the business of the campaign orator to befool the issue. CHAMP CLARK's speech, in which he forecasted annexation, also helped materially.



THE OPEN SEASON.

SIR BOOB.—By'r Lady, there be'st *some* good in thys heavy boiler-plate after all!

SIR CRACKERJAEK.—Thou speakest truly; particularly when one's journey must be made in the fall huntynge season!

WHAT THEY THINK OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

IN ORDER that the readers of PUCK may know reliably what a representative group of the foremost intellects of the United States think of the present woman-suffrage movement, the following authentic and exclusive interviews have been procured:

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS: "Take it f'm me, dem skoits has got dis country in a sling. Youse may t'ink dey ain't doin' nuttin' but raisin' rough-house wid deir street-peerades an' gettin' jugged. A percession of 'em may look like de Sandwich Man's Union on Labor Day, but I'll stake youse to a bucket o' suds if dey ain't playin' all-fired hob wid de Gover'ment. Yer betcher life! If youse an' me is outside de stir ten years f'm now, we'll sneak up to de votin'-booths where Ruffles is on de job takin' de tickets an' tellin' youse wot youse is got to do in case youse wants to vote fer Missus Brown 'stid of Missus Jones. In dem days a man whut wears a han'-me-down suit will have de same look-in dat a Republican has got now in Georgia. It's comin', Bo. Put yer last bean on dat, an' youse 'll take de pot."



STOPPED.

VISITOR.—Last time I was here your Board of Trade was booming the town. Did n't they keep it up?

UNCLE EBEN.—Nope! We called them off pretty quick. First thing we knew, there was a lot of people coming into town that we did n't know at all!

THE HON. "FINGY" CONNORS: "Every alert, American citizen must have observed with profound interest the growing sentiment in favor of woman suffrage. Whether we approve or deprecate its advance, the movement toward the universal franchise must be reckoned with.

Doctrinaires may aver that this is but ephemeral. But he who is versed in the history of political science—as, I may say, I have had to become—is aware that the present demand for the ballot for women is not sporadic nor spasmodic, but is, however cataclysmic in effect, the natural consequence of the laws of evolution, based on the solidarity of the race, nurtured by the spirit of freedom, and destined to eventuate in a Government of symmetry and strength. We count it to-day the most potent factor in our battle for the purity of the ballot."

EX-PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT: "I have seen it mentioned in the papers, but, in accordance with my established custom, I must beg of you not to quote me for publication."

GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON: "As was so beautifully said by Shakspeare, or myself (I forget which): 'Votes rightly cast are as apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Now, if the dear girls really want to vote, and show by their preference for some good man—me, for instance—that they are capable of exercising the franchise judiciously, I am in favor of giving them the ballot. Indeed, under certain conceivable circumstances, I should be glad to see them enfranchised before the next Presidential election."

EX-SPEAKER JOSEPH G. CANNON: "I know that certain horrid persons may charge me with being effeminate in my tastes, but whatever the mean things say, I announce for woman suffrage. I just think it would be too cute for anything to have state documents drafted on tinted paper, scented with sachet, and tied with baby ribbon. It is said that the women would be so easily influenced in voting. Tut! There might be a slush fund, but it would be composed of powder-puffs, manicure sets, and silk remnants. Our method of running the Government, despite all my efforts, has not been as æsthetic as I have desired. I should

be perfectly charmed if the ladies would aid in giving that touch of refinement and consideration that I have labored so hard to impart."

SENATOR JEFF DAVIS, of Arkansas: "Our citizens are so wrought up over the Spanish-American War they have had no time to note new political movements, but I doubt not that when our people do hear that woman suffrage is being agitated elsewhere, the ladies may be expected to be heard from in no uncertain tones."

REPRESENTATIVE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH: "From my observation I believe that if the women wanted the ballot they would take it."

VICE-PRESIDENT JAMES S. SHERMAN: "I fear that, intellectually, the ladies are not competent to exercise the privilege of the ballot. Frankly, I fear that most of them would vote the Democratic ticket."

John E. Rosser.



SATIRE.

CITIZEN.—What do you want? Money?

OUTCAST.—Why, if yer got a plate er hot soup in yer pocket, it 'll do as well!

PUCK

CONVENTION.



SAY the thing as we say it,
Whether or not it's true;
Play the game as we play it,
Do the same as we do;
Read the things we are reading,
Cram the things we have crammed;
Follow where we are leading,
Otherwise—you'll be damned!

Think your thoughts as we think them;
(Thoughts that are all the same);
Drink your drinks as we drink them,
Limp when you see we're lame;
Sit in the church we sit in,
Jam in the crowd we're jammed;
Fit in the groove we fit in,
Otherwise—you'll be damned!

Doubt when you see us doubting,
Laugh when our laugh you hear;
Shout when you hear us shouting,
Sneer when you see us sneer;
Thus shall your words be quoted,
Thus shall you be "salaamed;"
Honored, envied, and noted,—
Otherwise you'll be damned!

Berton Braley.



ANY OLD PLACE I CAN HANG MY HAT, ETC.

HUNTSMAN (*very hazy*).—O, gee! There ain't no deer in theshe woods. Guess I'll sit here an' be comf'table, an' wait for the gang t' come back!



HE KNEW HIS ABILITY.

THE COUNTESS.—O, papa, my husband is madly infatuated with an emotional actress!

HER FATHER (*a Pittsburgh millionaire*).—Don't worry, daughter; just tell me her name, and I'll get her away from him!

THE NEW REPORTER.



THE editor of the West-cote (Long Island) *Clarion* called the new reporter to his desk. "I understand that Mike Grogan's butcher-wagon ran away this morning, and knocked down a man in a gray suit at the corner of Eighth and Myrtle Streets. If it wasn't Grogan's wagon it was some other butcher-wagon. And I just saw Henry Schultz, of 242 Green Street, go by with his head bandaged. He had on a gray suit, so he was probably the man knocked down. You go and interview Grogan, and find out if it was Schultz he knocked down, and then go and interview Schultz, and write up a story of the runaway. About twosticks will do."

"Yes sir," said the new reporter, and he went down Main Street to Mr. Grogan's place of business. He entered the meat-market with his notebook ready for details.

"Is this Mr. Grogan?" he asked.

"Naw!" said Mr. Grogan. "This is John D. Rockyfeller."

"Well, Mr. Grogan, I'm from the *Clarion*. Your team, attached to your delivery wagon, ran away this morning, did it not?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Grogan. "It did not."

"And, as I understand it," said the reporter, "the team began running at Fifth Street and Myrtle. Is that so?"

"No sir," said Grogan.

"It did not?" said the new reporter. "And it ran to the corner of Eighth and Myrtle, did it not?"

"No-siree!" said Grogan. "That was n't my wagon. My wagon has only one horse, and when that runaway happened my horse and wagon were in the barn."

"At the corner of Eighth and Myrtle, your team turned the corner sharply, did it not?" asked the new reporter.

"Guess again," said Grogan; "you are guessing wrong."

"This team and wagon," said the reporter, "knocked down a man, as I understand it. Have you any objection to telling me whether the man was Henry Schultz?"

"No," said Grogan.

"No objection."

"Thank you!" said the new reporter, and went out to find Schultz. Mr. Schultz was sitting on his back porch, with his baby on his knee. He had no bandage on his head.

"This is Mr. Schultz, isn't it?"

"Sure it is!" admitted Mr. Schultz.

"Were you knocked down by the team and wagon of Grogan, the butcher, this morning at Eighth and Myrtle Streets, Mr. Schultz?"

"Me? Knocked down? No, I was not been knocked down by nothing," said Mr. Schultz.



NO LAUGHING MATTER.

CHEERFUL IDIOT.—I say, here's a funny thing: In old times people were broken on the wheel; now they go broke on tires!

"Have you been badly hurt?" asked the new reporter.

"Me? Hurt? No, I ain't been hurt," said Mr. Schultz.

"You seem to have recovered quickly," said the new reporter. "You were seen a few minutes ago with a bandage on your head. I



IN THE NORTH WOODS.

WEEK-END SPORTSMAN.—I just shot a deer, old chap!

HIS PAL.—Gweat! Kill him?

WEEK-END SPORTSMAN.—I think not. He shot back!

suppose Grogan's team and wagon struck your head?"

"Not I!" said Mr. Schultz. "All morning was I in Elmhurst, ain't I? Miles away from Eighth Street and Myrtle Street am I, ain't I? I go by Elmhurst and buy some onions yet, and I come home again. Und then I hold my leedle baby on my lap."

"Yes; and may I ask the child's name?" asked the new reporter.

"Gusta," answered Mr. Schultz.

"And how old is the child?"

"Tree years," said Mr. Schultz.

"Thank you, Mr. Schultz," said the new reporter, closing his notebook.

"You was welcome," said Mr. Schultz.

The new reporter returned to the *Clarion* office. The editor looked up as he entered.

"See Mr. Grogan?" he asked.

"Yes sir," said the new reporter.

"Get an interview?"

"Yes sir," said the new reporter.

"See Schultz?"

"Yes sir."

"Get an interview?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, write it up. Put a head on it, 'Serious Accident.' Let me see what you write."

The new reporter went to his desk and wrote rapidly for five minutes, consulting his notebook from time to time, to make sure of his facts. This is what he handed the editor:

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

This morning when Mikel Grogan's horses and wagon, the Main Street butcher-shop, was in their stable back of the same, a serious run away occurred at the corner of Eighth Street and Myrtle St. this city, running sharply around the corner. In its mad career the horse and wagon dangerously came near badly injuring Mr. Henry Schultz, 242 Green St., who was at the moment buying onions in Elmhurst, having a small child, three years old, Gusta Schultz.

It started off at Fifth Street and ran to Eighth Street, turning the corner thence into Myrtle Street. Later, Mr. Schultz was not seen passing the *Clarion* office, but his head was bandaged at the time, showing how severe he had not been hurt.

When the editor had read this he held it in his hand and looked at it so long that the new reporter was troubled. So far as he knew he had got in every part of the interviews. Suddenly his face brightened.

"I know what's wrong," he said.

"You do, do you?" said the editor sarcastically. "What's wrong?"

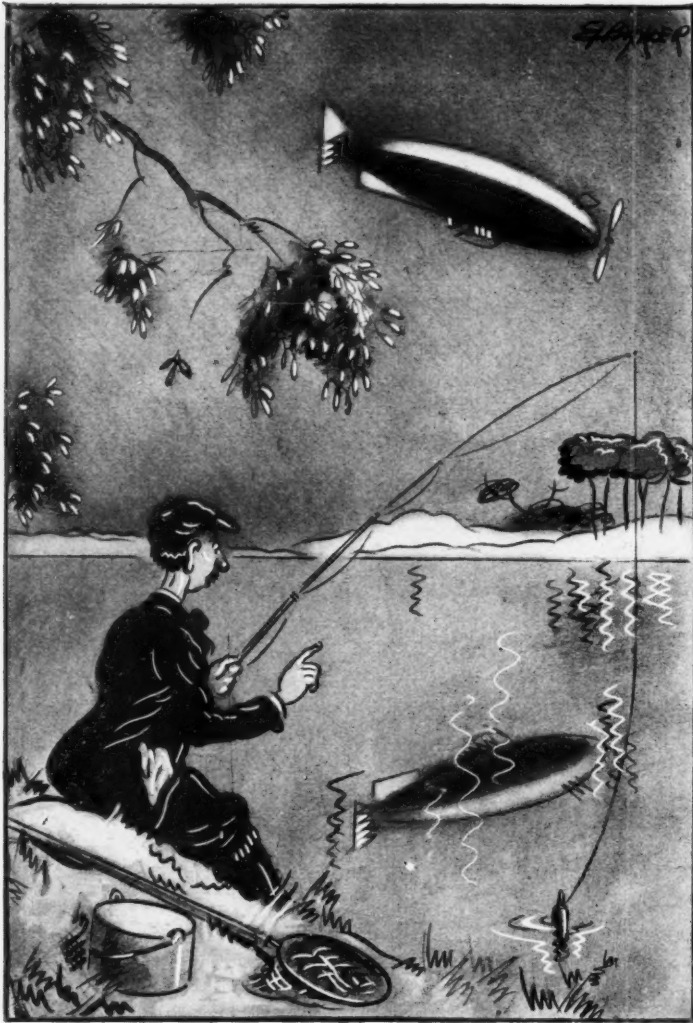
"I forgot to ask where the child was at the time of the accident," said the new reporter.

Ellis Parker Butler.

NEXT!

MADGE.—Do you believe in long engagements?
MARJORIE.—Gracious, no! I generally have him dead-broke in about six months.

Some men are born great; but then they miss the satisfaction of telling how they did it.



AS THE AIRSHIP PASSED BY.

NEAR-SIGHTED SPORTSMAN.—And they told me there were no big fish in this lake!

A LATE VACATION.

WELL, now, Mabel, we must map a route. How about the trip on the Lakes?"

"O, Henry, I could n't take that trip! You know Florence took that trip, and I have borrowed two of Florence's gowns. I don't want the people at the hotels recognizing Florence's gowns."

"We might go through the Thousand Islands."

"It would n't do. Henrietta went through the Thousand Islands, and I have all of her shirtwaists and two of her hats."

"How about the Berkshires, Lenox, and all that? Pretty country, they say."

"I'd love to see it, but Genevieve spent a lot of time in the Berkshires, and the evening wrap I borrowed from her is very conspicuous."

"Atlantic City, then, for a starter?"

"Horrors, no! Somebody would be sure to see me on the Boardwalk wearing Elizabeth's tan coat."

"Well, I guess we'll have to pass up the trip, little girl. You have collected a nice outfit for yourself, but we don't seem able to map a route that won't conflict with your clothes."

CONTINUED IN HIS NEXT.

K NICKER.—Thought your boy's college expenses were over?

BOCKER.—No, he wants money now to contribute as an alumnus.

UNMADE HISTORY.

THE world had kept right on moving, college athletics with the rest.

In other words, football was no longer everything.

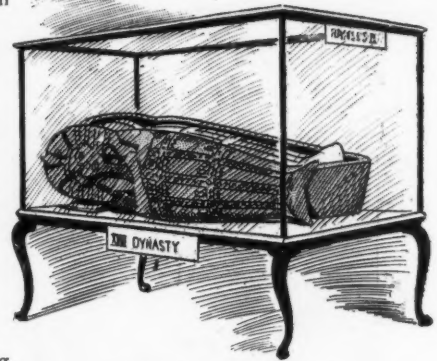
Accordingly, on the eve of the annual pie-eating contest between Harvard and Yale, which institutions, in the view that nowhere else was the New England tradition so anxiously guarded, were looked upon as the leading exponents of this noble sport, the interest was quite intense.

Betting was heavy. Trading in Wall Street had come to a virtual standstill pending the issue, and Lloyds of London was offering odds either way.

But suddenly, in the similitude of a bolt from the blue, came evil tidings.

"The Faculty," proclaimed the throbbing wires, "has arbitrarily and heartlessly disqualified the captain of the Yale team because he is not up in his studies."

It was to uphold clean sport, but yet the world could not forbear to groan, seeing what bid fair to be the prettiest contest of the season in such wise spoiled.



A PHARAOH LAYOUT.

WORSE CONFOUNDED.

THE confusion of tongues had done its destined part, work on the tower of Babel being pretty much suspended, when all at once Welsh emerged from the racket.

The sound of consonants being pronounced without the help of vowels was at once seen to cause no small uneasiness in high quarters.

"No use overdoing the business!" these hastily exclaimed, and forthwith called a halt.

As for Welsh, what was done could not of course be undone; but the ensuing distribution of languages happily relegated it to the remote corner of a remote island of the sea, so that the embarrassment was by no means what it might have been.



BETWEEN GIRLS.

"So you think of going aviating, eh?"

"Yes. What's the proper costume?"

"I really don't know! However, I should wear my best stockings!"

The country would be all right if Republicans were republicans and Democrats were democrats.



FROM THE BIRDS' POINT OF VIEW.

ONE OF THE SPECTATORS.—They are taking a fearful risk, walking from San Francisco to New York.
ANOTHER.—They surely are. It would take more than fifty thousand worms to induce me to try it!

FLIGHT.

"BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight!" cried many voices beseechingly.

But Time had not lived all these years to be less than wary now.

"If I were to do all the stunts a thoughtless public demand of me," quoth he, "my gasoline would mighty soon run out!"

OF SECONDARY INTEREST.

"AND you failed to catch the number of the car?"

"Yes. I am near-sighted myself, while as for my wife—well, the woman in the car was so overdressed that it took my wife all the time to make out what she had on."

GOOD wine needs no bush, but there are so many other kinds of wine in the market that bushes have become an almost universal nuisance.



A BIG BUT NOT A GAME HUNTER.

PUCK'S IMAGINATION TESTER.

"Good m., Mr. Smith, I am v. gl. T see U. I hope that UR doing v. well."

"Y., I am, Mr. Jones, thank the L. How i. business w. U?"

"I am s. T say, Mr. S., that b. i. v. slow—in f. d. s., w. me j. now."

"I h., Mr. J., that y. b. w. pick u. v. s."

"Y., Mr. S., b. o. T B v. m. b. this t. of t. y."

"T B sure, Mr. J., if b. d. n. p. u. v. s., times w. B v. h. this c. w., & we w. all s. B d. & o."

HER INTERPRETATION.

FRAGMENTS of conversation drifted in from the billiard-room where the husband and his friends were enjoying their cigars. "I called," said the husband, happily, "and when it came to a show-down as to who was the winner why the other fellow simply did n't have a chance! And so I stretched out my hands and gathered in that which really gave me my start. I think that I did better that night than any man in our crowd has ever done. Ah, what a hand I held! I always recall that night with thrills of pleasure."

The young wife slipped away, her face dyed with a deep pink. "The old dear is telling Mr. Blinker how he cut out Freddy Banker and made me say 'Yes,'" she whispered to herself. "Is n't he just perfect!"

IF YOU would be content, never borrow nor lend; this refers to trouble and money.

VERIFICATION.

HAVING introduced himself, the journalist of the new school drew a pistol. "There is a report to the effect that you are dead, and I have been sent here to verify it. Pardon me, then!" quoth he, politely.

With that, he shot the citizen. "Get the news and get it right!" he muttered, as he put up his smoking weapon, these words being the expression of the bent and purpose of his craft.

REVISED.

I SHOT an aero into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew just where—
For I was there!
(No flowers.)

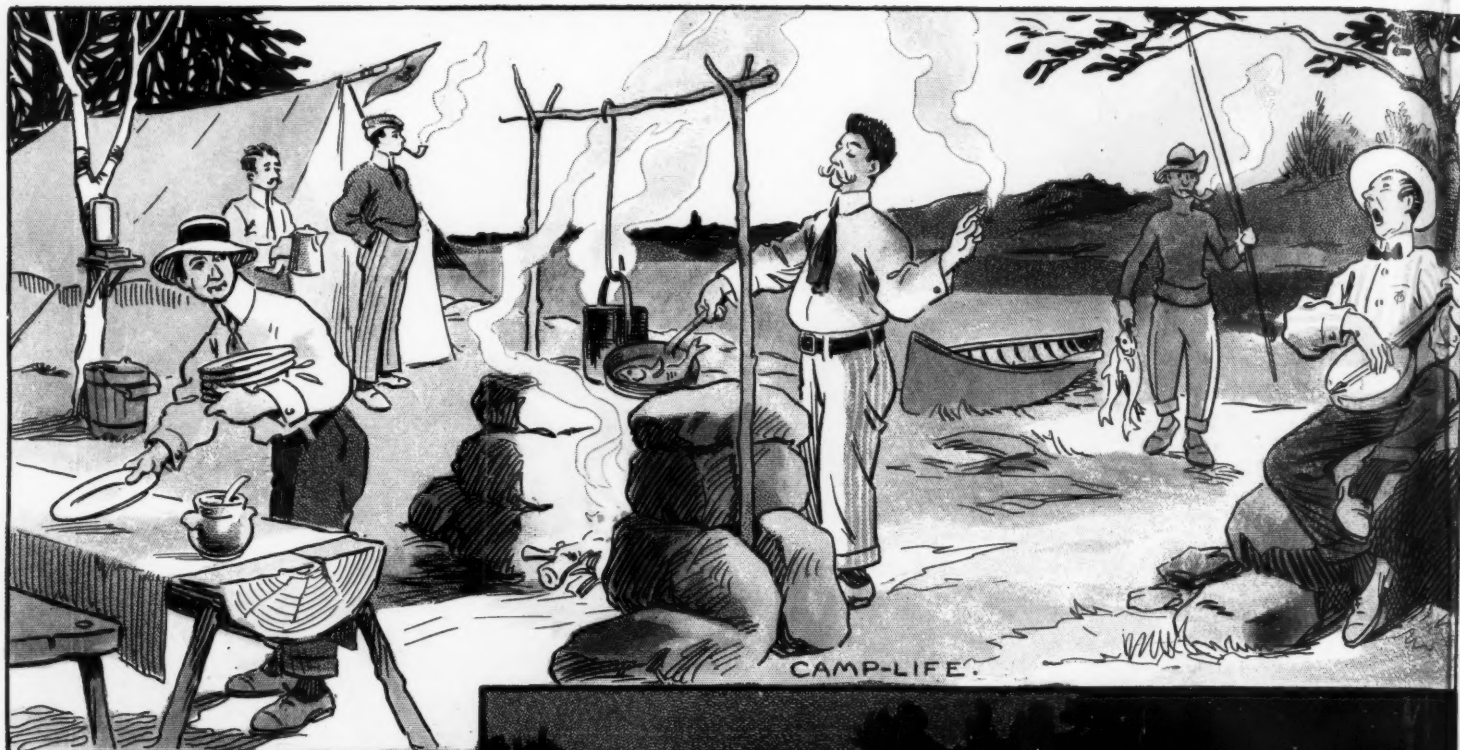
ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

MRS. NEWLYWED (*proudly*).—I cooked that dish myself.

MR. NEWLYWED (*after tasting*).—And you are going to cook the contents next time?



BACON AND EGGS.



THE GUIDE.



THE GAME.

THE PUCK PRESS

AS THEY PICTURED IT IN ADVANCE.

THAT CAMPING



THAT CAMPING TRIP.

AS IT PANNED OUT IN REALITY.

PUCK



A SELF-DIAGNOSIS.

NOVICE.—I must have buck fever! I can't move a step!

SIMPLE.

KICKER.—So Jones has a scheme for snow removal?

BOCKER.—Yes; get the wagons out ahead of the storm and let it snow into them.

LOOKING OUT FOR IT.

HEWITT.—I believe in the greatest good of the greatest number.

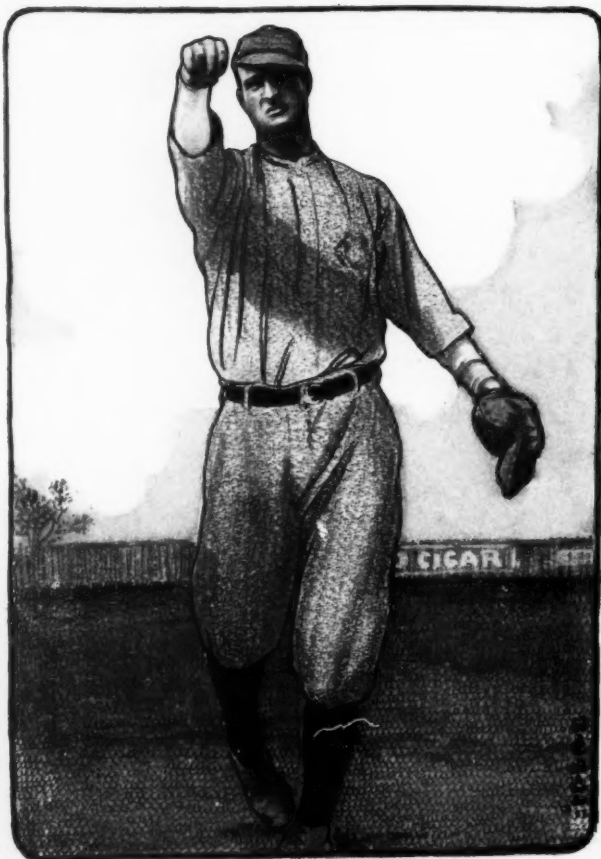
JEWETT.—Yes, and you think the greatest number is number one!

HIS WAY.

WILLIS.—How's his credit? Does he pay?

GILLIS.—O, yes. He always pays something down and never pays anything up.

In the Base Ball Spotlight.



XI.—Hoblitzel, of Cincinnati, a first baseman of the first rank.

MARY AND PHYLLIS.

MARY'S face is fresh and fair,

Sweet as any rose;

Mary's way is, I declare,

Free of trick or pose.

Phyllis's face is pretty, too,

Phyllis's way is wary.

Phyllis is a gay coquette—

Not a whit like Mary.

Mary's speech is like her heart—

Simple, kind, and true;

Phyllis's tongue is keen and smart,

Gay and witty, too.

Mary's dress is modest brown,

As the fashions vary;

Phyllis follows styles in town—

Not a bit like Mary.

Yet, to tell you all the truth,

I'm in Phyllis's thrall;

Mary has both looks and youth,

But no wit at all.

Some folk like simplicity,

I am most contrary;

Phyllis keeps me in a whirl,—

I am bored by Mary!

Berton Braley.

THOSE OLD LEGENDS.

"BEAUTIFUL view here from the veranda."

"Beautiful!"

"This is a most picturesque old resort."

"O, very!"

"And the fall foliage is beautiful."

"Beautiful!"

"You have been here before, I presume?"

"We come up every year."

"There must be some legends connected with this delightfully quaint old place."

"There are."

"Won't you tell us the stories of some of them?"

"Well, that fat woman yonder says her husband is a rich broker; that tall woman says she comes here because she's tired of London and Paris; and that thin girl, the one with the undecided nose, says she's worried to death because her parents want her to marry a dissipated and impecunious duke."



WEEK BEGINNING OCTOBER SECOND.

American, 42d St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville. All-Star Acts. Evenings 8:15.

Astor, Bway and 45th St. "What the Doctor Ordered," a comedy by A. E. Thomas. Evenings 8:15.

Belasco, 44th St. nr. Bway. "The Concert," with original cast. Evenings 8:20.

Bijou, Bway and 30th St. Cyril Scott in "Modern Marriage," a mirthful matrimonial comedy, by Harrison Rhodes. Evenings 8:15.

Broadway, 41st and Bway. Lew Fields in "The Never Homes." Evenings 8:15.

Casino, Bway and 30th. "The Kiss Waltz," a new Viennese operetta. Evenings 8:10.

Cohan's, Bway and 43d St. "The Little Millionaire," by and with Geo. M. Cohan. A musical farce. Ev'gs 8:20.

Colonial, Bway and 62d St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.

Comedy, 41st St. bet. Bway & 6th Av. "Speed," a three-cylinder auto comedy. Evenings 8:30.

Criterion, Bway and 44th. "Passers-By," a new play by C. Haddon Chambers. Evenings 8:15.

Daly's, Bway and 30th St. "Next," a new Western comedy, with Helen Lowell and Harry Conner. Evenings 8:15.

Empire, Bway and 40th St. John Drew in the new comedy "A Single Man," by H. H. Davies. Evenings 8:20.

Folies Bergère, 46th St. and Bway. "A la Broadway" and "Hello Paris!" Evenings 8:15.

Gaiety, 46th and Bway. "Excuse Me." A Pullman Carnival. Evenings 8:30.

Globe, Bway and 46th St. Douglas Fairbanks in "A Gentleman of Leisure," a new comedy. Evenings 8:15.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Evenings 8:15.

Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, 42d St. and Bway. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Harris, 42d St. W. of Bway. Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper," by Charles Klein. Evenings 8:20.

Hippodrome, 6th Av., 43d & 44th Sts. "Around the World," spectacle in seventeen scenes. Evenings at 8.

Hudson, 44th St. nr. Bway. Frank McIntyre in "Snobs," a new comedy by George Bronson Howard. Ev'gs 8:30.

Irving Place Theatre, 15th St. and Irving Place. Season of German plays. "Der Doppelgänger," with Henry Bender. Evenings 8:15.

Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Av., Bway and 28th St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Knickerbocker, Bway and 38th St. "The Siren," a new musical comedy, with Donald Brian. Evenings 8:15.

Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Julian Eltinge in "The Fascinating Widow." Evenings 8:15.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th St. "The Arab," a play of the Orient, by Edgar Selwyn. Evenings at 8.

Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Great Name," with Henry Kolker. Evenings 8:20. (Opening night, Oct. 4.)

Mauhattan Opera House, 34th St. and 8th Av. "The Chocolate Soldier." Evenings 8:15.

Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. E. of Bway. Gertrude Elliott in "Rebellion," a play of modern marriage conditions. Evenings 8:15. (Opening night, Oct. 3.)

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy de luxe founded on "La Satyre."

Playhouse, 48th St. E. of Bway. "Bought and Paid For," by George Broadhurst. Evenings 8:15.

Republic, W. 42d St. "The Woman," a new comedy drama by W. C. De Mille. Evenings 8:20.

Thirty-ninth Street, 30th nr. Bway. "Green Stockings," a new comedy, with Margaret Anglin. Evenings 8:15.

Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. George Arliss in "Disraeli," by Louis N. Parker. Evenings 8:20.

Weber's, Bway and 29th St. Edmund Breese in "A Man of Honor." Evenings 8:30.

West End, 125th St. W. of 8th Av. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15.

Winter Garden, 50th St. and Bway. "The Revue of Revues," with Gaby Deslys and other stars. Ev'gs at 8:15.



THE LAST RIGHTS.

PUCK

GUNNING DE LUXE.

"SQUAD Number One! Betts, Doremus, Campbell, Jenson, Anderson on trap one!" calls the scorer.

Five red-blooded sportsmen file out to the field. The trap-boy scrambles into the protected trap-box, and the puller takes his position at the lever in the rear.

"Pull!"

"Bang!"

"Dead!"

A "clay pigeon" has been hurled from the trap at a speed that would dumfound a Jersey constable; a charge of shot has overtaken and pulverized the target, and the score-sheet shows the figure "1." An afternoon of real American sport has begun. This is trap-shooting.

The pastime is the logical outcome of the inborn American desire to shoot. In times that are past, shooting big game and Indians with a rifle satisfied the shooting or "hunting instinct;" later, the killing of small animals and birds with the "muzzle-loader" gave vent to the primeval passion. But with the passing of big game and Indians, and, to a considerable extent, of small game, the sportsman must needs find a substitute for field-work.

Live-bird shooting was introduced and had a large

approximating the flight of birds, and the perfecting of the "blue rock," a target of uniform hardness, were the results of the visions of the sport's soothsayers and of Yankee ingenuity.

To-day, trap-shooting boasts of more followers than any other sport except baseball, and shooting is giving the latter a run for its position. In actual participants, trap-shooting certainly has the lead on "the national game" among adults.

Besides its appeal to the American powder-burning instinct, trap-shooting possesses the additional characteristic of broad democracy—the sport cares not whether its devotee is a banker or a mechanic. Men meet as men at the trap, and their standing in the sport depends on their ability to shoot. Women, too, are taking up the game, and are proving formidable competitors for high honors. Naturally, trap-shooting is finding and filling a big place in country-club life. There are few of these clubs,

either in the States or in Canada, which do not have their trap-shooting contingent. The collegian finds trap-shooting a scientific sport, requiring rapid calculation of angles, leads, elevations, etc., and nice decision. All of the big universities and many of the smaller colleges number trap-shooting among their sports. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton usually hold shoots in the forenoon of the big football days. However, the wide-spread popularity of trap-shooting is more truly shown in the thousands of gun-clubs throughout the country. No village is too small or city too large to have shooting-grounds where regular shoots are held on Saturdays, Sundays,

and holidays. Every State has its annual shoot, and hundreds of shooters toe the firing-line in each of the events known as the Eastern, Western, Pacific Coast, Grand American Handicaps, and Post-Season Tournament. The Grand American had nearly five hundred entrants at Columbus, Ohio, during July. The Eastern Handicap, held at Wilmington, Del., had an entry list of two hundred and ten. What other sport can offer such showings?

Probably the most unique club, at least in name, is "The Westy Hogans," composed largely of commercial men, who hold their annual meet at Atlantic City, breaking targets thrown over the waters of the ocean, the traps being located on one of the big piers.

The rewards of the sport are numerous and valuable, consisting of cash prizes, trophies, and medals donated by individuals and concerns interested because of business or other reasons. And all of these are for the amateur, as professional shooting is limited to breaking targets in the demonstration of guns and ammunition. The

winning of the Grand American Handicap title carries with it a diamond medal and \$1,000 in cash. Lesser events offer the opportunity of securing, in addition



A "HOT SQUAD" AT EASTERN HANDICAP, 1910.



GENERAL VIEW, EASTERN HANDICAP, JULY 11-13, 1911, WILMINGTON, DEL.

following, but the killing of virtually tame pigeons palled on real sportsmen, and it was abandoned.

Shooting glass balls was the next step. This, however, never attained a great degree of popularity, and was soon superseded by the "clay pigeon"—a disk of pottery. The lack of proper means of throwing the targets, and the fact that the varying degrees of hardness of the "birds" made their breaking uncertain, resulted in many shotguns finding permanent rest in their cases.

Fortunately, shooting had its prophets whose eyes saw great possibilities in the sport, so inventive genius was enlisted in the development of proper paraphernalia. The modern trap, throwing the targets at unknown angles, and in a manner closely



GENERAL VIEW AT GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP, 1911, COLUMBUS, O., GUN-CLUB GROUNDS.



VIEW OF PULLER, SQUAD OF SHOOTERS, AND TRAP-HOUSE.

uled in every section of the country. The annual total runs well up into the thousands.

Trap-shooting is clean, healthful, and fascinating, and is, perhaps, more characteristically American than any other sport in the list of pastimes of an out-of-doors-loving people.

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CUSTOMER.—How much on credit?
TAILOR.—Eighty dollars, half of it down.—*Toledo Blade*.

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SHE.—And so you are going to be my son-in-law?

HE.—By Jove! I had n't thought of that! — *The Tatler*.

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"If she is a sure-enough heiress what's he struggling for?" — *Houston Post*.

THERE is more joy over the one short-weight iceman who is fined \$25 and costs than over the ninety-and-nine who never are caught. — *Washington Herald*.

THE SENIOR BRANCH.



DUSKY ENTHUSIAST.—Come and jine de army ob de Lord!

ONLOOKER.—I 'ave jined.

ENTHUSIAST.—Whar did yuh jine?

ONLOOKER.—In the Baptist chapel.

ENTHUSIAST.—Why, chile, yuh ain't in de army, yuh's in de navy!

— *The Tatler*.

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"ARE you very much interested in ornithology, Mrs. Wuffer?"

"Not at all now, although I once did a pipe-rack for my husband." — *Birmingham Age-Herald*.

GENIUS.

"How far back can you remember?"
"I can remember learning to spell 'cat;' I was only three."

"Pshaw! Why, my first memory is of writing a letter to a correspondence school for lessons in walking!" — *Toledo Blade*.

WAITER (to night-nurse watching patient).—Have some coffee, ma'am?

NIGHT-NURSE.—No, I greatly fear that that would keep me awake. — *Le Rire*.



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"PLEASE tell me your name and address?" asked the depot reporter of a middle-aged negress.

"Ah's Mrs. Ca'tah from Co'fox."

"Whom have you been visiting, Mrs. Carter?" she was asked.

"Ah's been visiting de ol' colo'd woman down de track heah a couple blocks fo' a about a week. Ah can't jus' member her name."—*Success Magazine.*

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THAT WONDERFUL BABY.

"You say your baby doesn't walk yet?" said Jones. "Mine does, and it is n't as old as yours. Your baby cut his teeth yet?"

"Not yet," said Bones.

"O, mine has—all of them," said Jones. "Does your baby talk?"

"Not yet," replied Bones. "Can yours?"

"Great Scott, yes," answered Jones.

Then Bones got desperate. "Does he use a safety-razor or one of the other sorts?" he asked.—*Ideas.*

MR. HENRY JAMES is believed to be a warm advocate of the indeterminate sentence.—*N. Y. Post.*

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RUBE.—Where's yer boy naow?

JOSH.—He's in New York.

RUBE.—Which side's he on, by this time?

JOSH.—What d'yer mean?

RUBE.—Is he sellin' gold bricks a' ready or buyin' 'em yet?—*Toledo Blade.*

CLARA.—He says he thinks I am the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?

SARAH.—No, dear; let him keep on thinking so.—*Town Topics.*

"JOHN, whose hair is this on your coat?"

"Darned if I know! Whose eye is this on the end of your hatpin?"—*Kansas City Journal.*

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O. HENRY had promised to write a story for one of the big magazines, but it failed to arrive after many requests. Finally the editor went to O. Henry's apartment and sent up a curt note:

"If I don't have that story within twenty-four hours I will come up and kick you downstairs. I always keep my promises."

O. Henry promptly sent back the note: "Dear Bill: If I did all my work with my feet, I'd keep my promises, too."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

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"But, madam, there is," retorted the wayfarer with dignity. "I could give you a few lessons in grammar."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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PATSY.—Say, Chimmie, who was Robinson Crusoe?

CHIMMIE.—He was de duck wot got a long term on de island.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

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"Pa!" came little Willie's voice from the darkness of the nursery. Pa gave a bad imitation of a snore. He was tired and did not wish to be disturbed.

"Pa!" came the voice again.

"What is it, Willie?" replied his father, sleepily.

"Tum in here. I want to ast you sumpin'," said the little voice.

So pa rose up from his downy couch, and putting on his bathrobe and slippers, marched into the nursery.

"Well, what is it now?" he asked.

"Say, pa," said little Willie, "if you was to feed the cow on soap would she give shaving-cream?"—*Harpers' Weekly.*

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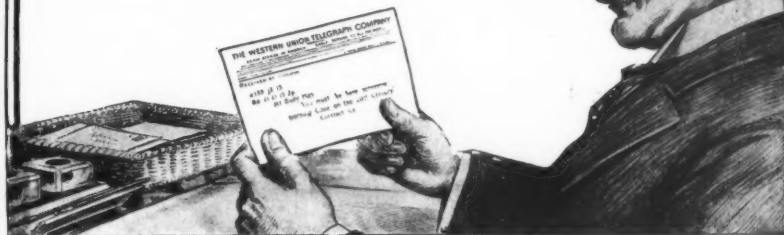
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FATHER.—It's a curious thing that whenever I want you to marry a man you object, and whenever I do not want you to marry one you insist on it.

DAUGHTER.—Yes; and whenever we are agreed the man objects!

—*London Opinion.*

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Daniel J. Shern was reminded of a story when he read the verdict in the breach-of-promise case of a young millionaire in New York.

"I was counsel for the girl in a case once," said the lawyer, "and I thought we had a good case. One of the strongest points was the ardent wooing of the defendant. We stipulated at least 1,244 kisses he had planted upon the fair one's ruby lips. Imagine our surprise when the defendant admitted it.

"That's true," said he, testifying. "I had to do it," he explained.

"Had to do it?" I roared, hoping to embarrass him.

"Yes," he answered, "I either had to keep kissing her constantly or permit her to sing, and—well, I preferred the kissing."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*



TRUTHFUL BOY.

"I would like to get off to-day, sir," said the office-boy.

"What for?" asked the boss.

"My grandmother died last night, sir."

"But you told me that story before."

"Yes, sir; she dies every night, sir. She is playing Little Eva in an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' show, sir."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SECRET OUT AT LAST.

"Why do you have those glass cases with the axe, hammer, crowbar, and so forth, on these cars?" asked a traveler.

"O, those are put there in case any one wants a window open," replied the facetious man.—*Red Hen.*

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